

# THE INVASION OF AMERICA

BY JULIUS W. MULLER

Copyright, 1915, by J. W. Muller. All rights reserved.

A Narrative Fact Story Based Authoritatively on the Inexorable Mathematics of War—What Can Be Done to Oppose an Invading Army With Our Actual Present Resources in Regulars, Trained Militia, Untrained Citizens, Coast Defenses, Field Artillery, and All Other Weapons of Defense.

(Continued.)

Three strange vessels lay there. They had funnels set extremely far apart, like certain types of clumsy tramp ships, but they were big as passenger liners, and their lines showed all the efficiency of the naval architect. The great sweep of their decks forward was as bare as the deck of a racing schooner yacht.

A structure of short trestles like a skidway rose from this deck at the bow, projecting slightly.

It was there that the aeroplanes were being spewed. These were mother-ships.

Torpedo netted, guarded by destroyers, guarded even by a small semi-rigid dirigible that hovered a thousand feet high overhead, they were sending out their spies to search the land.

The two United States ships, standing by their machines in Fort Wright, looked at the ascending swarm. "No wonder," said one. "You know how many one of those nations had at last accounts? Twelve hundred."

"And we've got thirteen in the army and twelve in the navy," his companion laughed. "And Serbia had sixty before the great war."

They said no more, but watched in silence. That ascending, continually growing line of flying things was like something that was writing into the sky the word "resources."

Suddenly the American air men noticed that these new machines were not flying to the coast near them. They were turning off, in regular order. One turned west to fly over Long Island. The next one turned east, toward Buzzards bay. They alternated thus till the entire division had separated and disappeared.

One of the scouts slapped his thigh. "I believe," said he, "that they are going to show themselves to Boston and New York."

That was at 9 o'clock in the morning. At noon the crowds in the two cities were started by a distant roar that grew, almost before they had first heard it, into a thundering that shook the air. They stared upward and beheld the first squadron of armed flying machines that America ever had seen.

Armored, with the bright colors of the enemy on their under bodies, the aeroplanes from the enemy fleet flew low. They skimmed close to the state house on Boston's Beacon Hill. They flew over the tall municipal building

of New York and dipped toward the city hall. They appeared over Providence and Fall River, over Brockton, over Bridgeport and New Haven. They passed over every one of the factory cities of New Jersey that crowd to be near New York's harbor.

Where they appeared it was as if they bore some instant claim to turn the world to stone. All the city noises stopped dead. All motion stopped. Then the people fled. Motormen and drivers bent low and yelled, and sent their vehicles ahead blindly. The crowds rushed every doorway. They fought for the protection of narrow corridors as if they were bomb proofs. They squeezed themselves close to the sides of buildings, and clung to smooth iron and granite, and stared upward, waiting for bombs.

Instead of bombs they saw things raining down gently, lightly—little weighted pennants that circled downward in lovely spirals and dropped on the streets with scarcely a sound. Into every crowded street, into every open square of half a hundred cities that day, the hostile air men dropped these pennants. They were printed. They bore proclamations addressed to the people of America.

"Our armies have landed," said the proclamation. "We shall advance on your cities at once. Any attempt to defend them will mean their destruction. Citizens are warned against making any demonstrations, whether with arms or otherwise. Infractions of this rule of war will be punished by summary execution. Houses from which hostile acts are committed will be destroyed. Towns whose civilian population resists will be destroyed."

seaboard with its chain of 12,000,000 city dwellers was no Holland to drown itself under its own sea in order to destroy its foe. These cities were no Moscovs to devour themselves in fire that the enemy might perish with them. This was the United States of America, and this was the twentieth century, and the men, no less brave, no less patriotic, faced the conditions of their place and time.

They formed committees of safety. They wrestled with their topheavy municipal machineries to make them answer the sharp need. Under the stress all the defects of their political rule stood out uncompromisingly, not to be denied. Their overstaffed departments were lost in the ingenious mazes of their own contriving. There was only one answer to the inextricable, blind confusion. It was martial law.

But here, too, there was inefficiency—inefficiency that had been cultivated and tended, like a plant, by politics through the heedless years. In the armories there were no reserve supplies of weapons or ammunition for the volunteers who came to offer their services. Although the United States government had given the states enough money annually for many years back to equip them to full war strength, and although the militia nowhere had maintained even one-half of that strength, there were no reserves of blankets, of uniforms, of tents, of cots.

The volunteers could not even be shod. Those who were accepted had to drill in their worthless street shoes

ed. Take warning!" Recovering from their shock of fear, the first impulse of the Americans who read these proclamations was one of rage. Their cities had grown proud in unchallenged greatness. These pennants, slowly raining from their sky, were infuriating insults.

In the state house in Boston there were said the words that uttered the emotion of all the cities along the Atlantic coast. In that old, rebellious town, where American liberty had been nurtured in the very presence of an armed foe, there were gathered many eminent citizens, with the officials, the mayor and the governor of their state.

One of these officials had a peasant in his hands. "What can we do?" he asked. "If we had the militia of the state here we would have less than 6,000 men. If the foe arrives and lays his guns on the town—gentlemen, they will be guns that fire high explosives and incendiary shells. We have nothing to fight with. If the army cannot check him before he arrives we must—save our people's lives, we must surrender peacefully!"

He turned to a man who bore a family name identified with Boston's history from the time of its settlement. His ancestors had stood in Faneuil hall with James Ois when he dedicated it to the cause of liberty.

He took the proclamation, held it for a moment while he looked around the circle and then crumpled it suddenly, angrily, in his fist. Throwing it to the floor, he set his foot on it.

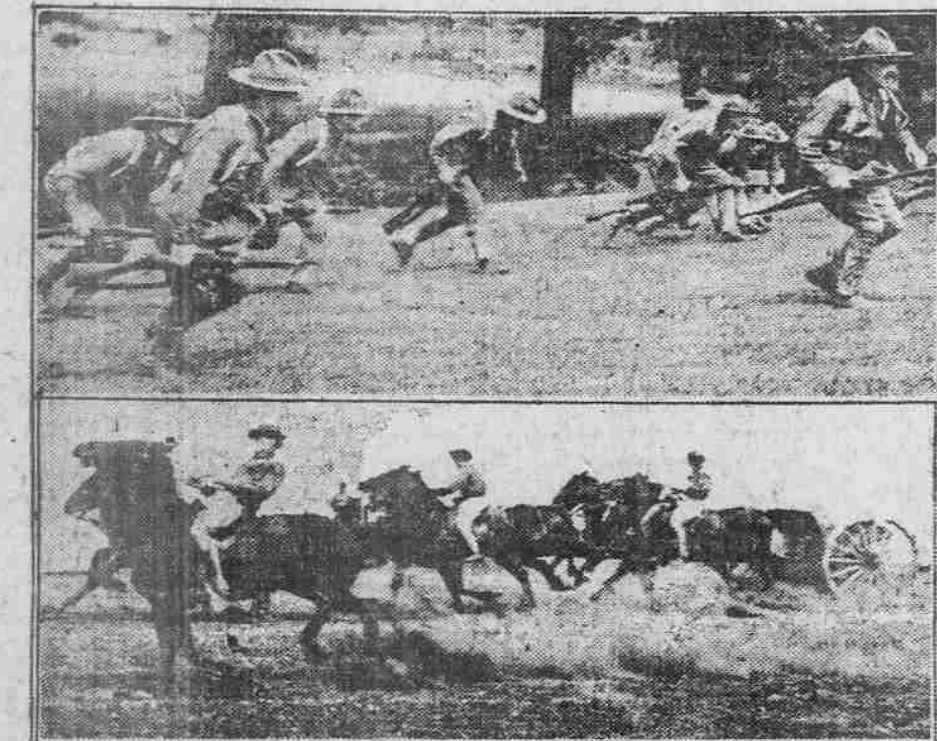
"I say," he cried, with flashing eyes, "let him destroy it! Better still, let us destroy it! When the enemy approaches let us send our Boston town up in flames and fragments! Let us leave him not so much as a rivet to pick up for loot!"

"If all thought like you," said one, an old, grave man. "But we have 700,000 people, and they are not soldiers or philosophers; they're human men. It is laid on us to protect them at whatever price to our national pride. If humiliation is the price that we must pay for our past carelessness, why, gentlemen, we must pay it, bitter though it is."

So it was in New York, in Philadelphia, in a score of cities between and around them. Everywhere was the first outbreak of fury and unrecking heroism, and then the sober second thought born not of cowardice, but of cold logic. This northeastern Atlantic

that never could survive the test of rough roads and mud and water.

Politics, politics! It stared the appalled citizens in the face wherever they turned, as it had stared them in the face for a generation, but now they had to look and see! It was politics that had left their state militias to



THE AMERICAN ADVANCE DETACHMENTS WERE STRIKING.

blunder along, each by itself, without agreement or settled plan. It was politics that now had sent their plucky, intelligent, capable young men into the field insufficiently equipped, trained or organized. It was politics that now left their cities bare, to be made a sport of.

Not one in a thousand of the volunteers ever had built a fire of sticks, or pitched a tent or even washed dishes. Not one of five thousand ever had held a gun in his hands. There were thousands there, and thousands again, who did not even know what it was to be in the dark, for they had slept all their lives in the electrically lighted city.

It was not men that the regular army needed. It was reserves! And never a congress of all the congresses that had talked and voted and appropriated had voted a practical system of army reserves!

All of the men who had been trained by previous army experience, the war department could not call on one unless he chose to volunteer. If those men—invaluable to the country at this moment—offered themselves, they offered themselves one by one, here and there and everywhere scattered through a land of 3,250,000 square miles. Enlisted thus, they were full individuals lost in hordes of raw recruits.

While the United States, civilian and military, was working hopelessly to make up in desperate hours for long years of waste, the efficient, prepared, resourceful invader was landing his army, not only without losing a man, but without getting a man's foot wet. So perfect were the dispositions of this expedition that the commander had been able to order, "Our troops must land perfectly dry," and the order was carried out.

Every transport had three broad gangways to a side. Never for a moment were these gangways bare of equipped men, moving file after file into the enormous flat bottomed landing barges. Never for a moment was the sea without long tows of them, each bearing 200 men to shore with their rifles between their knees, ready.

In the camp of the United States army at that moment men were breaking green horses for cavalry and artillery purposes. On the coast the enemy's four-decked horse transports were sending trained mounts into broad boats with derricks and slings, lowering away with head and tail lines to prevent struggling.

Nothing had been forgotten, nothing left to be improvised. The horse floats had hinged sterns. Backed into the beach, these hinged boards dropped down and formed gang planks. Sailors threw collision mats on them to prevent slipping. It required less than a minute to lower a horse from the ships to the floats. In less than half a minute each horse was unloaded from them and set ashore. To empty each float of its cargo of twenty horses and to have each craft off the beach and under tow again for another load was a matter of less than thirty minutes.

Almost as swiftly, at another end of the beach, guns were being landed from the same type of floats, shoal and wide benmed, that could be run well up on shore and could withstand the pounding of the surf.

Yet the beach never was occupied for a moment. The guns were rushed inland, the men were rushed inland, the horses were rushed inland. Twelve hours after the first landing party had prepared the way Rhode Island was occupied by 30,000 foot, 3,000 cavalry and 50 batteries of artillery—almost two full divisions that lay in a great belligerent front snarling with guns—a perfect, complex, often assembled, often tested machine.

Under average conditions it is possible to land 25,000 infantry, 1,000 ca-

ally and 60 guns in six hours. . . . In the Crimean war 45,000 men, 83 guns and 100 horses were disembarked and set on shore in less than eleven hours without modern appliances.—"Over Seas Operations." See also British and French records.]

This was the time for the American army to strike, before the enemy could increase his forces and move forward to attack.

## CHAPTER VIII

The War in the Fog. To organize an army in the face of the foe is like organizing a fire department when the streets of a city are already in flames. This is what the chiefs of the day and night desperately ever since the troops had come together. And in Washington in the archives of congress there were lying sheaves of reports, gathering dust, that had demanded nothing except the chance to do it in time.

Here were regiments of militia so "organized" by their states that if they were permitted to go into battle as they were 170 companies of infantry would face the enemy without a single

## LITTLE BENNY'S NOTEBOOK

By Lee Page

I was feeling kind of pale after supper yesterday, and pop sed, Wats the matter with our youngest awespring. Mother, he looks as if he had just lost his last friend awn earth.

Benny, dont you feel well, sed ma. Not very, I sed.

Ware dus the seat of trubbel seem to be localized, sed pop.

Ware do you hert, sed pop. Erround the stummock, I sed.

Have you bin eeting anything you shooden of, sed ma.

No mam, I sed.

Think hard, sed pop.

Well, I sed, the fellos had a eeting contest this afternoon.

Ah hah, a clue, sed pop, well, who won the contest.

I did, I sed, I beet Puds Simkins and Skinny Martin, and thare apposed to be the 2 biggest etitrs erround heer.

Brave lad, sed pop, show yure stummock no mersey wen yure yung and it will show you nun wen yure old.

But my goodness, you must of eeten a drefill quantity, sed ma.

No mam, I only ate 6 peeces, I sed, I ate 6 peeces and Puds ate 4 and Skinny ate 5, we was the 3 highest.

They must of bin tremendously big peeces, sed ma.

No mam, they wasent so big, I sed, they was pritty littel.

In the naim of Eppy Curus, 6 peeces of wat, sed pop.

Seap, I sed.

For mersey sakes, Willyum, go and get the aromatik spirits of ammoniah, sed ma.

Wich pop did, and I had to drink a littel glass full of it, taiting heer, but no fearer than wat the soap had taited.

Lack of Mineral Food Salt Causes Cancer, He Says

Chicago, June 28.—Entrance of a parasite or fungus growth is a cause of cancer, according to the opinion of Dr. Horace Packard of Boston University, who discussed "The Cancer Question," before the Surgical and Gynecological Society of the American Institute of Homeopathy here today.

Dr. Packard emphasized his belief that the possible cause of cancer is dietary and argued that demineralized foods form a factor in the disease's development. The human family is under-fed in mineral food salts, he said.

"A momentous fact," he added, "is that the flour mills and the rice mills of this civilized world are busy eliminating every particle of iron, phosphorus, sodium, potassium, silica, calcium, chlorine, magnesium and sulphur (mineral salts) from our staple food supply and sending out for sale material rich in heat units but pitifully meagre in energizing and immunizing material."

In a single flour mill of the mid-west, approximately one million tons of wheat are milled each year. Of this about 550 thousand tons go to the human family as refined flour and 450 thousand tons of the by-product bearing the energizing, immunizing food salts go mainly to feed domestic animals."

Miss Katherine Mayne of Rochester, N. Y., is bonding for several weeks with Mrs. John H. Candace.

Miss Hazel E. Sherwood has returned to her home at "Clover Leaf Dairy" from a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Baker of Concord. Mrs. J. Arthur Sherwood spent Friday with Mr. Blakeman and accompanied her daughter home.

Miss Agnes Nelson is spending the summer months with Mr. and Mrs. Clarence B. Andrews at Rock House.

Miss Lillian and Miss Bertha Andrews, who attend the Danbury Normal school, are spending their vacation with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer S. Andrews.

Bar sold to the amount of \$500,000 was sold by the Bank of England. The bank earmarked \$125,000 for miscellaneous purposes.

Damage of over \$100,000 was caused by fire that wrecked a business block at Mystic, Conn.

IN SUCH PAIN WOMAN CRIED

Suffered Everything Until Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Florence, So. Dakota.—"I used to be very sick every month with bearing down pains and backache, and had headache a good deal of the time and very little appetite. The pains were so bad that I used to sit right down on the floor and cry, because it hurt me so and I could not do any work at those times. An old woman advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I got a bottle. I felt better the next month so I took three more bottles of it and got well so I could work all the time. I hope every woman who suffers like I did will try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. P. W. JENSEN, Box 8, Ailyn, Wash.

Why will women continue to suffer day in and day out or drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing the four-fourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, etc.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

## Financial

## Bridgeport Savings Bank

CORNER OF MAIN AND STATE STS

The 144th Consecutive Semi-Annual Dividend has been declared at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum on all deposits payable on and after January 2, 1915.

## NOTICE

For forty-nine years we have been conducting business at the same old location, corner of Main and John Streets, Bridgeport, Conn., and our Private Bank has been established and paid out on demand without a single failure. We have received millions of dollars of money deposited with us and we continue to receive money subject to depositor's check at sight, on which we allow three per cent. per annum, credited to each account monthly. We solicit the accounts of individuals, business men, firms and corporations, and all who want a bank account where they can deposit money, checks or drafts, and leave it for one day, one week, one month or one year, and draw interest. We give to the business our careful personal attention as the oldest firm of private bankers in this state.

T. L. WATSON & CO.

## PRUDENT MEN

avoid disputes by writing their desires in a Will and choosing a competent Executor.

Appoint James Staples & Company as your Executor and you are sure that your estate will have efficient management.

CALL OR WRITE US FOR ANY DESIRED PARTICULARS

JAMES STAPLES & CO. BANKERS 139 STATE ST., Bridgeport, Conn.

## FAITH

on the part of an employer in the loyalty and integrity of an employee is admirable. Experience has shown however, that to insure the absolute security of the employer against loss from embezzlement, it is well to supplement such faith with a

FIDELITY BOND In the United States Fidelity and Guaranty Company.

S. Loewith & Co. 116 BANK STREET

THE CITY NATIONAL BANK Savings Department Pays 4 Percent Interest Start Saving Now, 107 WALL STREET.

THE CONNECTICUT NATIONAL BANK OF BRIDGEPORT Cor. Main and Wall Streets.

In Black Rock To Rent—For the season, 3 room house, fully furnished, large grounds.

ANDERSON & CO. 63 JOHN STREET

For Sale Two-family house, six rooms on each floor, butler's pantry, all improvements, lot 50x200, near St. Vincent's Hospital.

Building lots, North End, from \$300 up; weekly payments.

WILLIAM T. MULLINS Real Estate and Insurance. BRIDGEPORT SAVINGS BANK BUILDING. Corner State and Main Streets.

ESCALLOPS 2 QUARTS FOR 25 CENTS

W. D. COOK & SON 523 Water Street

## Automobile Directory

Lyford APPERSON Beach Bros. OLDSMOBILE Street Phone 1235 \$1,350 R15 41"

OAKLAND, R. O. H. CHEVROLET STROMBERG CARBURETORS H. M. FORD, 1841 MAIN ST.

STUDEBAKER ELM AUTO CO. STATE STREET, NEAR PARK AVENUE

4443 Taxi Phone 3400 Cabs EDWARD T. BROWN

Shock Absorber VELVET Shock Absorber Phone 3126-3 170 Cannon Street

MONUMENTS MAUSOLEUMS M. G. KEANE, Cor. Lumber St. & Houseboat Ave. BRIDGEPORT, CONN. Phone 1396-4. Phone 1396-4

MONUMENTS ARTISTIC-LASTING operated by pneumatic and polishing tools HUGHES & CHAPMAN 896 STRATFORD AVENUE Phone Connection. B 10 15

ROSES, VIOLETS ORCHIDS AT

Hawkins FLORIST.

Hawley, Wilmet & Reynolds Undertakers and Embalmers No. 168 State St., Bridgeport, Ct. All calls, day or night, answered from office. George H. Wilmet, 113 Washington Terrace, Edward H. Wilmet, 805 Clinton Av.; John H. Reynolds, 46 Pacific St.

M. J. GANNON FURNERAL DIRECTOR AND EMBALMER 1061 Broad St., near John Phone 1493 Residence, 297 Vine St. Phone 1359

Wm. Lieberum & Son Embalmers and Undertakers Office and Residence 551 MAIN STREET Telephone Connection

BOURKE & BOUCHER Undertakers and Embalmers 1236 MAIN STREET Tel. 1061 Calls Answered Day or Night

JOHN F. GALLAGHER MARGARET L. GALLAGHER Undertakers and Embalmers Margaret L. Gallagher, only licensed, graduate woman embalmer and undertaker in the city capable of taking entire charge of funerals. Mortuary parlors, office and residence, 571 FAIRFIELD AV. Phone 1290

MULLINS Typewriter EXCHANGE

1280 Main St., Poli Building Ground Floor ALL MAKES OF TYPEWRITERS For Sale, Rental, Exchange SPECIAL RENTAL RATES TO STUDENTS Agents for CORONA—Standard Folding—TYPEWRITERS FURNERAL DESIGNS AND BOUQUETS JOHN RECK & SON

FURNERAL DESIGNS AND BOUQUETS JOHN RECK & SON